How To Pray Today

Frank C. Laubach

When anything is wrong, it's time to pray.

If angry, pray for the object of that anger.

When you want to scold, pray until you love.

When you are anxious, pray.

When you feel deep resentment, pray, and pray until it melts away.

When in dispair, pray until God replies.

When tired, pray.

When trying to think, listen to God.

When full of joy, thank God.

When in pain, tell God.

When lonesome, pray,

For the risen Lord is ever with you.

When falling asleep, pray about anything that enters the mind.

When unable to sleep, be thankful for the time to pray.

When awaking, before getting out of bed, begin to pray.

When reading, pray for the persons named, pray for light.

When walking, pray. Each object is God talking.

Briefly—*pray without ceasing.*

—Frank C. Laubach

FOREWORD

Those of us who know and have listened to Dr. Frank C. Laubach through the years felt that this address was one of his most helpful and inspiring; therefore, we have decided to share it with the world. It contains some of Dr. Laubach's most intimate prayer secrets. The address also contains an account of the remarkable healing of Mrs. Genevieve Parkhurst. Mrs. Parkhurst's healing is one of the most amazing and thrilling on record and should prove very helpful to all readers, particularly to those seeking Divine Healing.

We express our sincere gratitude, both to Dr. Laubach and to Mrs. Parkhurst for permitting us to print this booklet.

Proceeds from this booklet will be used for Dr. Laubach's World Literacy work and also to help promote our work for World Peace.

MOTHERS OF THE WORLD, Inc.

"United to Work and Pray for Peace"

902 Braniff Building

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

HOW TO PRAY TODAY

by

FRANK C. LAUBACH

Today, I am speaking to you under the auspices of the Mothers of the World. I have been enormously enthusiastic about this program of theirs for many years. I have believed that ultimately we will see that mothers must save the world. The men have made a mess of it. The women haven't yet had the courage to take over and do what we failed to do, but I believe you are on the way. I understand that you have seventy percent of the wealth of the United States now, and I hope that you will take over seventy percent of the leadership of this country and see whether you can do what we failed to do.

I am very greatly pleased also to have been invited to talk to you about prayer. I am more enthusiastic about this subject than anything in the world. Indeed, I am so keen about it that I find myself leaning over in the other direction for fear I will talk about it too much. I want to read, before I speak to you, from the tenth and eleventh chapters of Luke,—which I think should not have been separated into two chapters. I shall not read all of the story about the good Samaritan. A lawyer asked Jesus what he should do and Jesus said, "*What does the law say?*" And the lawyer said, "*It says love God and love your neighbor as yourself.*" Jesus said, "*Good, you answered right, but the answer alone doesn't do any good; do it!*" Then the lawyer said, "*Who is my neighbor?*" He was thinking to himself: "It's all right to love some of the nice folks in your neighborhood if you like them, but you can't go

if it is prayer to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is good, only, when we see God in Jesus. The goodness of prayer then depends on the person to whom we pray. And so Jesus told us, *"Pray, 'Our Father',"* and we know from Jesus what our Father is like.

At the North Carolina Camp Farthest Out, a few weeks ago, we had a Pentecost. I have known things like that in other years, but this went beyond them all. Every year, if you are in quest of God and looking for Him through the faith of Christ, you get a new experience. We got one in North Carolina a few weeks ago. My soul still burns with the remembrance of it. I want to describe it. Glenn Clark had been talking. It was an unusually poor talk I thought. Glenn goes up and down sometimes, as everybody knows who hears him. Toward the end of his talk some of us were praying hard for him, rather sorry that he wasn't measuring up to his usual form. We were saying, *"Lord, send the Holy Spirit down on him."* Suddenly it happened! We had been getting ready for it all week, talking about how Jesus wants to dwell in us. Things like this had been said, *"I stand at the door and knock, if you will open, I will come in and live with you—I in you and you in Me."* Following this lead, Glenn said, "Supposing we realize that He is in us this moment and let Him do the praying. Jesus gave us this prayer of His. Now instead of our praying, let Him pray. He prayed to His Father constantly. He said, *'Every minute of the day, I never do anything excepting what I hear the Father tell me to do'."* Jesus was the most abject slave in the universe, slave of His Father. No, not abject! He was the most thrilling, exultant servant of God in the whole universe and He prayed constantly, *"Father what next."* "So," said

Glenn, "Let's all let Him pray; He is in us. Don't pray at all, let Him use your lips."

So, everybody, including myself, began to let Christ pray to the Father. We tried to let Christ say through our lips: *"Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed by Thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil"*—and the rest of that prayer. I can only testify to what happened, and all the others who were there can testify, that suddenly it seemed as though that kind of prayer had burst Heaven open. You know Edna St. Vincent Millay's lovely poem, "The soul can split the sky in two, and let the face of God shine through." It suddenly seemed as though He had split the sky in two and down the Spirit came; like a shock, on me and on the others who were there. And after the prayer was over Glenn Clark said, "I peeked while you were praying and I didn't see your faces, I just saw faces of Christ." Nobody who was there will ever be the same again! It happened to us all!

This is a new way to pray. You may try it and see whether it does to you as an individual what it did to us that day collectively. Ever since then I have had a new vision of what it means to have Christ dwelling in you; not only when He works outward through you, but dwelling in you when He speaks upward through you—when He talks with the Father with your lips.

There we realize that Christ prays as well as works in us, for He wants to dwell in us and finish the job in you and in me that he started in Jesus of Nazareth. He

started with Jesus, but didn't finish the job of building the Kingdom. The Christ came back at Pentecost. He came back at Damascus when He struck down Paul and thereafter dwelt in him. He wants to dwell in us. He wants to keep on walking with my feet and working with my hands and talking with my lips and looking with my eyes—and with yours. You are, so the Bible tells us, the body of Christ. Severally, each of you is His body, and collectively all of us are His body. One human body wasn't enough for Him to finish the job He began.

Let us jump over to another theme I want to cover this morning. Prayer is a wonderful thing to take the place of criticism. The last vice of a saint is the vice of being critical of other people. The better you get, the more you disapprove of the things others haven't achieved and after you have become good in every other respect, you are very difficult to live with because you are a saint. The hardest people in the world to get along with are the saints who havn't gotten rid of the last final vice; the vice of disapproving of others, and being thankful they are not like other people.

Criticism of another person doesn't do any good at all. Even thinking a critical thought of another person does no good at all. The moment another person realizes that you are critical, you have lost him as a friend. He doesn't want your criticism, he wants your faith. He wants you to believe in him, to believe that he can be something better than he is. So, we must be very, very careful about saying one unkind thing or even thinking an unkind thought about other people, because it doesn't achieve what we mean to achieve—it harms them.

If we feel critical of other people and tell somebody else about it, that becomes gossip. Gossip is merely uncharitable things said about other people behind their backs. It always does harm and is one of the most subtle sins on earth. *"Never judge,"* said Jesus. Instead of judging, pray. When you judge anybody, you judge him for what he did yesterday or an hour ago or last year or ten years ago. We always judge him for the past and when you judge him you tie him to the past. You put a nail in that past. You say, "There he still is what he was. He is what he did." He probably regrets it. Nearly everybody regrets the wrong thing he did the minute it's finished, and wishes he hadn't done it. But you tie him to it; you chain him to it; you condemn him to a hell he wished he had never plunged into.

Therefore, never judge. Don't condemn. Whenever you feel like it, turn it into a prayer. Your condemnation does him harm and you also. We never condemn anybody without being injured ourselves. But, if you transmute it into a prayer, instantly, then you have lifted him, because prayer looks to the future. Prayer helps that person to become what he ought to be. If you don't approve what he is, then instantly pray, *"Lord, I am visualizing what he ought to be, help him to become that."*

There isn't anybody in this room who isn't plagued now and then with a sense of resentment toward somebody who did something to you. I have more trouble with resentment than with anything else. I am confessing because perhaps it will help you to feel you aren't the only one like that. If another person said something or did something or tried to push himself

ahead of you or tried to run you down, it is very characteristic of human nature to resent it. Some people try to lift themselves by pushing the other person under. Then hate grows hot and love grows cold. Resentment is the hardest thing in the world, I suppose, to get rid of even when you want to shake it off. The best way, when you dislike somebody, is to look into the face of Jesus with your imagination or by aid of a lovely picture and just say, "*I love you, Christ. Take this thing out of me. Come into my heart, take possession even of my thinking, because it's gone wrong, and cut this ugly circle of resentment that keeps going around and around and around in spite of myself. Cut the vicious circle and redeem me.*" And He does! This is the swift, easy way to get rid of hate. I imagine I am talking to at least two hundred people in this church who need help right now.

Prayer is also the way to overcome worry. Everybody who reads the papers has a deep anxiety about the world picture today. Everybody, too, has a worry about his own future, about a sense of insecurity or about something else. Sometimes it is money, but usually we worry about our friendships, our loves, or even trivialities.

Before you make an address do you ever worry about what you are going to say? This is the latest insight that has come to me: If it be true that whenever you let Him, Christ is inside as well as outside—beside you, in front of you and behind you, and He is absolutely perfect in power and love, then you needn't worry at all about the speech you are going to make or about the important person you have to meet. You needn't tremble for fear you will fail. If you tried to

do it in your own strength you would fail, but if you have faith in Him, then He will take over and you will be absolutely certain that it will be all right. You remember, He said, "*Even if they drag you before the judge and you are liable to be condemned to prison or death, don't worry, even then. It will be given you in that hour what to say.*" So, perfect faith and constantly abiding in Him removes all fear. If you love Him and believe enough, you have no reason to be afraid for tomorrow or for anything under the sun. You have no cause for anxiety. That is why Jesus said, "*Stop being worried or thinking too much about the future and what it will bring forth. Tomorrow will take care of itself.*"

The beautiful thing about walking with Christ is that yesterday is taken care of. Over and over the Bible assures us that though your sins are enormous, almost unforgiveable, even murder—whatever it was; doesn't matter what it was,—all is forgiven! Forgiven! He isn't prowling around trying to find faults in us. That is exactly the opposite of what Jesus is doing. He is constantly trying to find the buds of goodness, the possibilities in us that can unfold into something wonderful. He gets no fun out of condemning anybody. God has no joy in the death of the wicked, nothing but agony. What Christ has joy in is to see in you possibilities you don't dream are there and then help them unfold. That is His fun for eternity. The worse you are, the greater the miracle He can work if you give Him a complete chance. He loves to change the worst into the best. I am sure that is the reason why He appeared first after His resurrection to Mary Magdalene, the worst person in the whole crowd who went with Him. She had been down to the depths, no doubt dragged there by men, but she was there, and He

transformed her into the saint to whom He showed Himself first. So there is no past for any of us to worry about, that is all finished. Your sins are rolled away.

There is also no future to worry about; that is in His hands,— absolutely secure. There is no present to worry about if you walk with Him. You have nothing to worry about at all in life, except to keep on walking with Him.

And now I want to talk to you about when to pray. John R. Mott, that great religious leader, said that he was such a busy man that he couldn't possibly get through the day without taking two hours every morning with God in prayer, alone, before he started his day. It is amazing what a galaxy of the spiritual giants of the world do that every morning. I have come to the conclusion that you have to take about two hours at some time during the day. It probably is true that the best two hours for women would be after the children have gone to school and your husband has gone to his office, perhaps between nine and eleven, or perhaps in the afternoon. Most of us have to take this time violently out of our day. There is a verse that says, *"The Kingdom of Heaven cometh violently and the violent take it by force."* Well, women have to take it that way, too. You will have to push the world out because this world crowds in on you. Of all the different kinds of seeds that Jesus described that fell on the stones and on the roadside and among the thorns, the one that is most characteristic of our day is the seed that fell among the thorns. And Jesus said, *"The thorns are the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches."* Automobbiles and all the good times

we can have and the cares that come with possessions, just simply crowd out the Word, crowd out Christ. You can't have the triumphant Christian life today unless you take it violently. You have only twenty-four hours, and out of those twenty-four hours you just must crowd something out and say, "No, that isn't as important as this." It is a question of priority. The defeated person is the person who goes around accepting everything that comes along, even if something else is more important. He doesn't have enough will power to say, "That's the thing that matters and this doesn't; therefore, out this goes." We have to deny ourselves the things that rob us of God. That is one of the things that Jesus meant by, *"He that would follow me must deny himself."*

This growth of the spiritual life is like the growth of seed. You can't hurry it, you can't do in two minutes what you should have taken two hours to do. It is a growth. We must take time to be holy. It takes time to cultivate the friendship of Jesus Christ. Take time when you are fresh in the morning or early in the forenoon, not at night when you are sleepy. For most people, evenings are crowded with something else. You must find your own best time. Then be as honest and faithful with that time, (whether it is three o'clock or four in the morning, as it is with some of us, or whether it is nine o'clock to eleven as it is with some of us) as you are with any other engagement in the world. In fact be more faithful, because it is the most important engagement in the whole world.

What will you do with that devotional time? First, don't let it be stupid. If it bores you, it is boring God. He likes variety. Look how much variety He has

made; I don't see two faces exactly alike in this room. And in your prayer life, you don't need to settle down to a prayer book of one denomination and stick with it the rest of your life, unless you like it that way. For me, I have to have variety. I have read the four gospels over and over. I have also read all the translations that I have found yet. I don't recommend them all, but I wanted to see what they were like. The one here in front of me is the Standard Revised version. If, after you get through reading the gospels a number of times, they begin to lose their edge, then don't do it that way any more, try a new way. One of the lovely ways to read a gospel is to change it into an autobiography of Jesus. Hear the eleventh chapter of Luke; it begins this way, "*As He was praying in a certain place.*" Instead of that, I am going to let Jesus talk to me, changing this eleventh chapter from third person to first person, and inserting my own name, thus: "I was praying in a certain place, Frank, and when I stopped praying one of my disciples said to me, '*Lord, teach us to pray as John taught his disciples.*' So I said to them, '*When you pray say, Father, hallowed be Thy name . . . .*'" See what I was doing then?

We say the Bible is the word of God to us. All right, let it be then! Let Him talk to you right off the page by turning "He" and "Jesus" to "I." If that gets dull, then you can try reading it another way. I have found this way helpful. Talk to Jesus with His picture in front of you. Then you would read the eleventh chapter of Luke thus: "When you were in a certain place, Jesus, you were praying, weren't you? And when you stopped praying, your disciples said to you, '*Lord, teach us to pray as John taught his disciples*'."

Then you said to them, "*When you pray, say, Our Father . . . . .*"

You see how you can have a conversation with Jesus—He speaking and you speaking. I think the best thing that I have to offer to the world is the discovery that the best kind of prayer is not one way prayer but give and take. I said a while ago that one of the deepest secrets in the Bible is the secret that the Christ lives in you, and that He wants to use your lips.

Once about twenty-one years ago when I was in the Philippines struggling with my work and very lonesome (my family a thousand miles away) I in despair had gone up on Signal Hill. I was talking to God, and suddenly my lips began talking to me. It was God using my lips. That was a new day for me. Ever since then I pray both ways—I to Him, He to me when I can get away alone. I was asking Him just before I came here, "Lord, what do you want me to say to these women, these Mothers of the World, this morning?" And He said, (using my lips) "You tell them your best secret, that you and I have wonderful times talking together in the morning and also all day." When we can't talk aloud together, then we talk down deep in my breast. He has such good ears that He can hear a thought or a whisper. "And so we talk together, my Lord and I." All of us sing those words. Our most cherished hymns are about our friendship with Jesus, ("I have A Friend so Precious, so very dear to Me;" "And So we talk Together, My Lord and I"). How many of those hymns there are, hundreds of them! Do you sing them with your tongue in your cheek or are they real to you? To me, they are reality and that is the best secret I have.

In addition to taking that time in the morning, I want to say one more word about it. After studying your Bible awhile, then what else will you do? We should be praying for other people a great deal more than we do. That goes against human nature, because we think so much more of ourselves than we do of other people, and as a rule we are worried so much more about our own problems than we are about the whole rest of the universe put together. So, we have to discipline ourselves to pray for others even against our own inclinations.

The Laymen's Movement for a Christian World urges us to pray for the delegates of the United Nations. I happen to know that these delegates do want our prayers and appreciate them tremendously. I hope you will write to the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. and ask them to send you their card, "A Call to Prayer." This card lists all of the United Nations delegates. Pray for those delegates and then write to them. I have prayed for the delegates and have written to all of them a number of times. I have had a letter from every single one of them, except those behind the Iron Curtain. They all write back after you have written them. Of course you don't write anything critical of them; you don't tell them how to run the universe; you just tell them that you are praying for them. God knows all the answers and these men need His wisdom now. The world is in such a state that human wisdom can't save us. So tell them you are praying that God will help them to get His wisdom. They love it, every one of them.

Last year, Warren Austin asked Weyman Huckabee, who is the secretary of the Laymen's Movement, and myself to come and see him. He said, "I asked you to come because you are trying to get people to pray. I want the people across America to pray for all of us with all their might. I am leaning on their prayers. I get thousands of letters now from people saying they are praying and I answer every one of them. I have a special secretary to answer the prayer letters because I need them so badly and I want to encourage them to keep on." Then Warren Austin said, "I have as much trouble with Warren Austin as I have with Gromyko and Malik. When they begin to say things in that biting irony and making false accusations I begin to get angry. But I remember that thousands are praying, so I bow my head and shut my eyes and pray until the anger goes." That is the danger with them all; they are liable to lose their heads when their temper goes bad. The world is lost, so far as the United Nations is concerned, unless those men can keep their tempers, think quietly, and have love in their hearts. One of the things that we ought to do more of, Mothers of the World, is to pray for these men—pray every day and then don't forget to write them. Your prayers help them tremendously. It isn't enough just to pray for them. Some people believe that all you have to do is pray and then you don't have to do anything else. Jesus never acted that way. His was a balanced life. I believe anyone is unbalanced (I don't mean mentally but in his life) if he depends on nothing but prayer and does nothing else. The moment you begin to pray, if you are like I am, suddenly the thought comes of what else you can do. One of the things prayer does is to reveal to you what you can do. Almost every good, new idea I ever have comes while I am praying,

listening, saying, *"Father, what next?"* If He tells you what to write, then you should write it. Prayer helps God. I am convinced now that it doesn't change God's mind, but it helps Him get His will accomplished; it opens a channel from Him to the other people. It is amazing how God needs us. You all agree that He needs us to talk about Him. "How can they know unless they have somebody to tell them?", the Bible says. We help God when we pray as well as when we talk. I think prayer opens the channel to the subconscious mind of the other person and the thought goes into his mind, "I ought to pray." Then when you write a letter and it arrives two or three days later, he says, "Why I was thinking about that three or four days ago. That fellow must be right, I agree with him." When you get ideas planted in the conscious mind and down in the subconscious mind both at once, you are liable to get your people. If we get ten million people praying for the delegates to the United Nations and writing letters to these people, then we will change history.

Then, we ought also to be praying for our congressmen and writing them letters. You Mothers of the World want to save the world; well, there is just one man in the world (and I don't mean your husband) who is afraid of you. That is your congressman. He listens because he wants to get elected next year and he can't get elected unless you vote for him. If enough of you go out electioneering against him, he is lost. So he keeps his ear to the ground of his constituents all the time and he does everything they want him to do if he finds out what they want. He can't find out if you keep quiet. The lobbyists are always there. Some of the lobbyists are paid $100,000.00 a year—more than the

President gets—to tell your congressman what they want. So he listens to them. The greatest sin, I believe, of the Christian Church (although there are a lot of other sins) is the sin of not writing letters and influencing these men at the top of society who need your prayers and who need your letters. I do not mean scolding them. Write in love, but tell them what you want. For example; Why in the world you women of the United States don't write and tell your Congressmen and the President, right now, "We want you to stop that war in Korea. It's meaningless; it is getting us nowhere; it is doing nothing; it is a failure; stop it!" I believe that war ought to stop. We never should have been fighting China. I don't think there is any country in the world that wants us to except the smart men in the Kremlin. Did you notice by this morning's paper that when we asked the Kremlin to intervene and to help us stop the war in Korea, they said, "No!" They want us to fight it. That is the reason I don't want to. Write to your congressmen. If they thought that the people back home wanted it to stop, our government could get it stopped. We would have to make some concessions as to boundary lines, but I don't think that five or ten miles would make the slightest difference to world history. Meanwhile, not only our boys are being killed but millions of those poor, ignorant Chinese—my dear little illiterate friends. They don't know what this war is about; don't know what Communism is. They are just told they must go in and save their country. I believe, furthermore, if we get that war stopped we should start to regain the friendship of China. It is a shame ever to have fought China. China doesn't intend to invade the United States. If anybody said that pretty soon China will send her airplanes or ships over

to invade America everybody would say, "Nonsense!" America doesn't intend to invade China. We should never have had a war. If you agree with me about that, write and tell your congressmen. If enough people do write we will stop the war.

We are going to start a great advance—a new kind of war. We are going to wage a tremendous campaign of amazing kindness—love in action around the world —that will swing these people that think we are their enemies back to friendship. It will finally win China back to our friendship. Then even the Kremlin will see that we have found the one weapon that will save the world. The other day the New York Times had an article about how in the United Nations we proposed to take care of the widows and orphans of the world. Russia got up and said, "This is all some more Capitalism." The New York Times added that at last we seem to be finding a way to beat Russian Communism —the way of kindness for the needy people in the world.

I have been urging that we enlarge our prayers and our interests. This leads me to say one other thing —many people who are disappointed in prayer should know the reason. It is because they have tried to pray for themselves and have hoped God would end with them. You can't be a terminist; you can't be a bucket. You can't catch so much of the love of God and His Holy Spirit and hold it. It isn't that kind of stuff. It is like electricity. It must be grounded. This new book of Starr Daily's, "The Way to Holy Affection," tells that story so wonderfully. I hope you read it. You can't have God until you are grounded and the Holy Spirit flows through you down to other people. That's what is happening when your prayers became intercessary prayers—they are grounded. Your prayer can

be grounded in the President, or in Congress, or it can be grounded in the illiterates of the world. But you can't be a bucket. Many people have come to me and said, "I am disappointed in my prayer life. I have tried to pray and it seems as though God is deaf." And then I ask them, "What do you pray about?" "Oh, all my needs." "Does it end in yourself?" "Pretty much." "That's the trouble. You are trying to catch it and hold it. Kick the bottom out of the bucket and then there will be plenty of room for the Holy Spirit to flow through." You can't keep Him unless you give Him away. You don't have Him until you want to give Him away.

I want to talk about one other thing—DARING PRAYER! We don't venture enough when we pray. I haven't dared enough in prayer. I am just learning not to be timid. Everybody knows what Jesus said. He was utterly impatient with His disciples because they couldn't cure diseases. We have settled down to a false idea that when the Bible closed the age of miracles stopped. It isn't true! They who have faith today see miracles. Of late years I have been seeing some. I didn't see them years ago, but now according to my faith I see them. Things impossible are happening when I pray. It isn't because of anything except that I am willing to venture. Anybody in this room is just as powerful as anybody else. If you are humble and are not doing it to show off, if you have no selfish motives but are willing to be God's channel to let the Holy Spirit flow through you and out to somebody else, and if you don't doubt the power of God and don't believe it is your own—you can do it, and you ought to. Not only can, but I think everybody here should be praying for people who are ill. Not praying,

"Lord, if it be Thy will, if You are as good as You were in the days of Jesus, make this person well." That kind of prayer is doubting. Jesus never, never said "No," never "Perhaps," but He said, "*According to your faith, it will be unto you.*"

I carry in my billfold a colored photograph of a painting by Genevieve Parkhurst. It is of the healing Christ which was painted after her miraculous healing.

I am going to read you one of the most touching stories that I ever read. It was given to me last night by Mrs. Parkhurst who is here with us this morning. She has permitted me now to read it and I think to print it. It is a marvelous climax:

"The attack on Pearl Harbor and the ensuing war threw all the people of the United States into a state of tension. Like other women I did what I could in an effort to help my country, but like others, my assistance was a trifle compared to my anxiety.

Our son, Dr. George Parkhurst, now of New York City, went into uniform as he finished his interneship. Soon after entering the service he came home for a short visit. A few days before he arrived I had discovered a flat disc-like lump very deep in my right breast. Indeed it seemed to lie beneath the breast upon the ribs.

I spoke to George about it and he asked me if it hurt. I replied that it did, that periodically it was sore. But I forgot that periodically I became super-sensitive all over. "That's good," he said, "It is probably an enlarged milk gland. A cancer does not hurt in its early stages. But it should be examined. I will do that before I leave." But he was called away sooner

than he had expected and did not look at the lump as he had intended. Since he had said it was harmless, I dismissed it from my mind as one of the things I would not worry about. And I forgot it, for all feeling left it and I was not conscious it was there.

As spring came and deepened into summer, I suddenly became aware that the lump had grown much larger. When I was in a city with my husband I decided it was time to have it examined.

The physician stood erect after his examination, his mouth a hard line, his eyes piercing as he said, "Mrs. Parkhurst, how can a woman of your intelligence let a thing like this go? Don't you know you have a cancer?"

A cancer. A cancer! A CANCER!!!

I sat up. The world was whirling about my head.

Vaguely I heard the doctor talking of X-ray and of immediate surgery.

"I must get my inner poise," I said.

"You must have this out immediately," he replied.

"I must get things straight in my mind first of all," I answered. "I am going now. When my mind is clear I will be back." And I walked out.

I walked thru the busy streets, heedless of the throng. I walked out to a residential section of the city and on, and on, alone, going over all the past months, re-living them, examining myself. How and why had I come to this place? A cancer! I could not bear to tell my husband of this awful thing. It would rise between us severing our relationship of many happy years. Cancer! Cancer! CANCER!!

I stopped suddenly and looked up at the trees, moving green branches in the sun, and with an effort of the will, turned my mind from my own condition and centered it upon God, who alone can make a tree.

So, looking up, I walked on, alone.

Then, I knew I was not alone. A Presence was at my side. This presence was real, and I began to talk to Him. As we talked, calmness crept into me, soothed me and filled me with peace.

I was to be a delegate to the School of Missions of the Methodist Church at Mt. Sequoyah, Fayetteville, Arkansas, which was to be held within a few days. As I meditated I seemed directed to do this. So I went.

There were three hundred attending the Assembly on top of this little mountain, but the Presence was more real to me than any of these. I would get up very early as it grew light, and walk around the top of the mountain, alone except for the Presence. Here we talked everything over and I gave all of my life to Him. There was so little now (for I seemed to know I would not live after an operation) but each moment was precious and every one was His. I said, "Dear Christ, I am a young woman to die. But if you are through with me here, I am ready to go." And His peace filled me unspeakably. So the days turned into one continuous period of walking with God and of worship.

One day while resting I picked up a new book. It was "You Are My Friends" by Frank C. Laubach. I had turned from books to the eternal. What are books when one looks straight into the face of God!

But this book interested me because of the reproductions of great paintings of Christ which the author had included. I turned from plate to plate. Worshipping, adoring, loving Christ, giving myself to Him. When I came to the picture of Christ in the Garden, by Hoffman, the very heart went out of me. Jesus knew what I was feeling. Oh, how he knew! He had faced death and had said, "*Not my will, but Thine be done.*" He said, "*No man taketh my life from me. I lay it down of myself.*" He had walked steadily to the cross. But He had died to redeem a world. While I was just to die.

Oh! That there might be some purpose in my dying! "Oh Christ, glorify thyself through me," I prayed, pouring out my soul to Him.

Suddenly my breath stopped. I stared spellbound, for there before me was Christ in physical form! He was very still, in profile, His face lifted as in Hoffman's painting.

I ceased to breathe as I looked at His face. Then, I saw that radiant face turn, slowly, until His eyes looked straight into mine.

Oh, His eyes are beautiful! So beautiful! So deep, so understanding, so compassionate, so full of love, so tender, so wise.

Those eyes held mine. They drank me as the sun drinks up the dew. I felt myself merging into Him, drawn by His love, absorbed by His all-ness.

Illusion? Some might call it that but what followed was no illusion.

A sharp pain stabbed my right breast and ran down my side to the waist and out on my arm to the elbow.

My hand flew to my breast and when my thoughts turned to myself, the physical Presence was gone.

But the lump was gone too. Completely gone! I laid three fingers in the hole where the lump had been, pushing the loose skin into that emptiness. There was no soreness.

Gone! It was all gone!

I got up and took off my blouse. In amazement I looked at the loose flesh which was left of my breast. I sat down trembling, scarcely able to believe this miracle. Why had such a thing happened to me? I had not asked for it. It had never occurred to me to ask for divine healing. But it had been given me. Oh Wonderful! But even more wonderful was the fact that I had looked into the face of Jesus—the physical face of the living Christ.

I walked out and once more around the mountain top. And in His fellowship I walked once more into life.

Eight months passed before the breast filled, through the normal process of tissue building. Then it was normal, perfect. And it has been perfect ever since. Doctors who have examined it can find no indication that it was ever imperfect.

But I am different. I do not live to myself. My life is Christ's. Surely if the roots of the cancer reached my waist and elbow they also went into the lungs. I know I am alive through divine grace. So each day is

a day loaned to me from God. When I wake in the morning, I whisper, "What do you want me to do with your day, Dear Christ?" and I get my orders.

I thank Him that He has answered my prayer to glorify Him through my Gethsemene and has turned it into a Pentecost."

Of course, these things happen all the time. Friends of mine are telling me about them. It is only because we haven't faith that we are failing to have experiences. And I have come to the conclusion that all of our troubles in this world, our defeats, the worries we have, the losses we have, are only a loving God using methods to do what He did to Genevieve Parkhurst, to drive us closer to the great, loving heart of Christ. They help us to lean more heavily upon Him. I believe that as soon as they have worked the thing for which they were intended they disappear. I can't prove that, but I believe it to be the truth. So, have you worries? Have you diseases? Have you troubles? Let them push you into the arms of Christ. Hand them all to Him. Forget about yourself and say only this one thing, "How can I help You, Lord?"

I am going to close now with this word. I hope everybody already knows it. It's the word I think everybody ought to know. It is a new word. CIHU. Cihu means, "Can I Help You" When we say this to the world all the time, "World, what can I do for you?", then we are just like Christ. When we say this all the time to the Father, "Father, can I help you?", then we are just like Christ. When we do that, one hand reached out to help those in need, the other hand reached out to ask, "God what can I do for You," then

we have become the reincarnation of the Spirit of Christ. Inasmuch as we are that way, we are Christ walking in this world again.

Let us pray:

Thank You, Lord Christ, for Genevieve Parkhurst, for the way her experience, her suffering and her triumph has increased our faith and made us ashamed of ourselves. It has also made us determined that hereafter we shall not allow ourselves to be defeated by fear. We have been afraid and therefore we hid our talent in a napkin instead of using it for Thy glory. Help us to go out of here today unafraid of anything or anybody. We need not be afraid of any person in the world, because nobody can hurt us. We need to fear only to let go of Thy hand. May we from this day on, all of us, keep closer and closer, and every day learn better and better what it means to be the intimate friend of the Lord Jesus Christ. Having Thee by our side, having Thee whisper within us, so that for us to live, will no longer be ourselves alone, but the Christ who lives in us.

Now we pray Thee for these men who are struggling in the United Nations to find a way to peace. We pray for every one of them. God help those men while we pray, that they may pray and as they pray, they may hear Thee speak. Help them to find the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father who loves like Christ and then to pray; not that they may defeat other people, but that all men everywhere, in America, in the Kremlin, may come to the feet of Jesus. We thank Thee that thou hast told us to pray for all men, that all men may be saved. Thou didst say, "It is the will of God that

all men should be saved, and come to a knowledge of the truth." So, help us all, everywhere, who call ourselves Christians, to pray for everybody. We pray Thee for the men in the Kremlin, not because that is the easiest thing to pray for, but because it is so important. Help Stalin and Molotov and Popkov and Gromyko and Berea and Malenko and Malik and the whole of Soviet Russia, somehow, to be able to see Jesus Christ as Genevieve Parkhurst saw Him; as Paul saw Him on the way to Damascus. We know it is Thy will for them and for Russia to be saved. We pray Thee that the Russian nation may come back to Jesus Christ. Give grace to those Baptists and those others in Russia who are still loyal to Christ. Help them to be overflowing with the Spirit of Christ, so that everybody seeing them may see Him. Now we pray for our own country; our country that's putting her faith in her money, and bombs, and guns, and jet planes. We pray that our country may return to Christ and that we may take the Christ's way to win the world with the love of Christ; to conquer the world's heart by serving humbly. Oh what a tremendous conversion the United States has got to have right away. We pray for it. It seems to us so obvious that it would be so utterly easy to win the world's heart and to bring peace on earth, if only enough of us around the world would turn our backs on the wrong way and adopt the way of Jesus; the way of love. We pray Thee for our President and our Congressmen. May we pray often for them, and then may we write to them—telling them that we want peace on earth and good will,—the Christ way of helpfulness for those who are in need. We thank Thee for this morning; we thank Thee for these wonderful women who have organized the Mothers of the World.

May this organization keep on growing in size and in spiritual power until at last the spirit that is at the heart of it, which is the Spirit of Jesus Christ, may conquer the world. Then Thy Kingdom will come and Thy will will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

—AMEN.

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